

Y A R I C O

T O

I N K L E.

A N

E P I S T L E.

*Fate ne'er strikes deep, but when Unkindness joins,
—— But there's a Fate in Kindness,
Still to be least return'd, where most 'tis given.*

D R Y D E N,

L O N D O N:

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER, at *Homer's*
Head against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet.
1736. (Price 1 s.)

Varico to Lenth.

Y A R I C O

T O

I N K L E

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E P I S T L E



Fate ne'er strikes deep, but when Unkindness joins
— But there's a Fate in Kindness,
Still to be left return'd, where most is given.

BRIDEN

L O N D O N

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER, at St. Dunstons Church in Fleet Street.
1736. (Price 1 s.)

T O

Miss ARABELLA SAINTLOE.

O SAINTLOE, *brightest of the Virgin Train,*
Approve my Numbers, or I write in vain!
To you, fair Patroness, these Lines belong,
Life of my Hopes, and Ruler of my Song!
How shou'd the Poet to the Task be fir'd,
By you command'd, and by you inspir'd!
Soft as the melting Arches of your Tongue
Shou'd flow the Language, and the Sense as strong;
Smooth as your Temper, easy as your Air,
Keen as your Wit, and as your Judgment clear.

Too steep the Hill for Infant Limbs to climb,
Superior Labour to a Muse like mine!
Yet still she keeps the dazzling Height in View,
And, faintly, copies what she learnt from you.

If o'er the plain-wrote Tale the Virgin's Eye
Lets drop a Tear, or lends a pitying Sigh,

While

*While tenderly she pleads the Negro's Cause,
And melts in soft Compassion at her Woes,
You, SAINTLOE, shall her willing Thanks receive,
Whose Inspiration bad the Story live.*

Mrs ARABELLA SAINTLOE

O SAINTLOE, bright of the Virgin's Train,
Approve my Numbers, or I write in vain!

To you, fair Patroness, these Lines belong,
Life of my Hopes, and Ruler of my Song!

How should the Poet's Muse be fired,

By your command

Soft as the mellow

Should flow the

Smooth as your Temper

Keen as your Wit, and as your Judgment clear

Too steep the Hill for Infant Limbs to climb,

Superior Labour to a Muse like mine!

Yet still she keeps the dizzying Height in View,

And faintly copies what she learnt from you.

If o'er the plain-wrote Tale the Virgin's Eye

Lets drop a Tear, or sends a pitying Sigh,

YARICO to INKLE.

The ARGUMENT.

The Story of INKLE and YARICO is allow'd to be genuine; 'tis related first by Ligon, in his Account of Barbadoes, from thence by the Spectator, and will as long as either lasts, be mention'd in Competition with the blackest, most incredible Piece of Ingratitude, that History, or Romance can furnish. The following Epistle is supposed to be wrote by YARICO in the Beginning of her Slavery, just as INKLE was embarking for England, and contains a little History of her unprecedented ill Usage, mix'd with Entreaties and Upbraidings, Tendernefs and Reproaches.

FROM the sad Place, where Sorrow ever reigns,
 And hopeless Wretches groan beneath their
 Where stern Oppression lifts her Iron Hand, [Chains;
 And restless Cruelty usurps Command;
 To soothe her Soul, and ease her aking Heart,
 Permit a Wretch her Sufferings to impart:
 To INKLE she complains, to him, who taught
 Her Hand in Language to express her Thought.
 Yet e'er your Sails before the Winds are spread,
 A Woman's Sorrows with Compassion read;
 Her dying Farewel from her Pen receive,
 And to her Wrongs a Tear in Pity give.

Fain wou'd I learn from whence your Hate arose,
The cruel Cause, and Source of all my Woes;

O tell me, why am I so wretched made?

For what unwilling Crime am I betray'd?

Is it because I lov'd? — Unjust Reward!

That Love preserv'd you from the Ills you fear'd;

If 'twas a Fault, alas! I'm guilty still,

For still I love, and while I live I will;

No change of Fortune, nor your cruel Hate

Shall cure my Passion, or its Warmth abate.

False as you are, how dare you trust anew

To Winds and Seas, as treacherous as you?

Think, will the Gods you serve, if Gods they are,

For Crimes like your's, their Punishments forbear?

If injur'd Innocence their Care be made,

Tho' I forgive, their certain Vengeance dread.

What if your Bark, by adverse Tempests tost,

Shou'd on some barbarous Shore like mine, be lost;

Think that you see your Friends and you pursu'd

By savage People, greedy for your Blood,

Who then would snatch you from your pale Dispair?

You'd find no *Tarico* to shield you there;

How would you wish you never had betray'd,

Or sold for trifling Gain an helpless Maid!

O yet redeem me, while you've Power to save,

And make me yours, if I must be a Slave!

Your

Your faithful Slave, indeed, I'll ever prove,
 And with continu'd Care attend my Love.
 Think on the Vows you have so often made,
 How did you promise! — How have you betray'd!
 Think, are these Chains, these bitter Woes her Due,
 Who left her Country, and her Friends for you!
 And think, O think on the dear Load I bear!
 Must the poor Babe a Mother's Sufferings share?
 Shall the dear Witness of our mutual Flame
 Be born to Want, to Misery, and Shame?
 "Whose tender Care shall hush thy Infant Cry?
 "Or whose indulgent Hand thy Wants supply?
 "Behold the Gift a Father's Love prepares!
 "Unceasing Sorrow, and continu'd Tears;
 "This is the Portion destin'd to be thine,
 "Thou Heir to all the Wrongs that now are mine!

O wou'd my Pen in artful Language tell
 The sad Variety of Ills I feel;
 Wou'd some kind Power assist my Thoughts to flow
 Strong as my Love, and piercing as my Woe,
 To paint the Anguish of my aking Heart,
 My bitter Sufferings, and severest Smart,
 Even you, Barbarian! wou'd relieve my Pain,
 And pitying take me to your Arms again.

Remember, for 'tis sure you often must,
 When the Seas drove you on our fatal Coast;

How

How did my cruel Friends your Life pursue!
 And none of all who landed 'scap'd but you;
 Pale with your Fears, and breathless in the Chace,
 With wearied Steps you ran from Place to Place,
 Forlorn, distress'd, you knew not where to go,
 To shun the Fury of the desp'rate Foe:
 Till Chance, or rather some propitious God
 Your Feet conducted to a shady Wood;
 Screen'd from your Hunter's Eyes, but not your Fears,
 On the bare Ground you lay o'erwhelm'd in Tears;
 Your speaking Looks, and stifled Groans confess
 A Wretch, with more than common Ills oppress.
 'Twas in that fatal Shade, by Fortune brought,
 A shelter from the scorching Heat I sought,
 Or rather to indulge a secret Tear,
 Shed for your Friends, whose Cries had reach'd my Ear.
 There I beheld you, trembling as you lay,
 And, e'er I knew it, look'd my Soul away.
 You saw me, and the Sight encreas'd your Fear,
 You rose, and wou'd have fled – but knew not where!
 Returning, at my Feet your self you threw,
 And did by earnest Signs for Pity sue;
 Fond of the Charge, solicitous to save
 I rais'd, and brought you to a secret Cave;
 To cheer my Love, delicious Fruits I got,
 And Water from the Chrystal Fountain brought.
 Pleas'd

Pleas'd with my Care, you held me to your Breast,
 And by expressive Looks your Thanks confest.
 Such tender Offices, unhop'd, dispel'd
 Your gloomy Fears, and your Distraction heal'd;
 The languid Paleness from your Visage fled,
 And native Bloom your glowing Cheeks o'erspread.
 Your Eyes o'er all my naked Beauties stray'd,
 While mine your Dress, and fairer Face survey'd;
 If you my well-proportion'd Shape admir'd,
 Your flowing Locks my heaving Bosom fir'd.
 The tenderest Things in Words unknown you spoke;
 But the soft Meaning from your Eyes I took;
 No other Language cou'd we use, or need,
 For Eyes beyond all Eloquence persuade.
 Enflam'd with Love, with wanton Joy you kiss
 My trembling Lips, and panting to be blest,
 You prest, and look'd, and strove — nor vainly strove,
 For every Power was softned into Love,
 Unskil'd in Art, unable to deny,
 Blushing, I yielded to the silent Joy.

O happy Hours of Love! when all my Care
 Was but to please, and to preserve my Dear;
 Solicitous for Nothing else, I knew
 No Thought, no Wish for any Thing but you.
 Clasp'd in each other's Arms conceal'd we lay,
 And in soft Pleasures wasted all the Day;

But when the Sun's discerning Light withdrew,
 And the mild Evening's cooling Breezes blew,
 With cautious Steps, thro' secret Paths I led,
 To some still Grove, or unfrequented Shade;
 The murm'ring Streams enamell'd Bank we prest,
 The murm'ring Stream invited you to Rest.
 But careful of your Safety, while you slept,
 My waking Eyes in constant Watch I kept;
 My Arm, incircled round your Neck, was made
 A Guard, and tender Pillow for your Head.
 Thus in soft Slumbers stretch'd at Ease you lay,
 'Till op'ning Morning summon'd us away;
 In Haste I cry'd, "Awake, awake my Dear,
 "The chirping Birds approaching Day declare;
 "See how the fainting Stars foretel the Morn,
 "Awake my Dear, and to our Cave return!

Whole Months, secure in these Retreats we past,
 And each new Hour came happier than the last;
 Such was our Love, so mutual was our Flame,
 Our Hopes, and Fears, and Wishes were the same
 The various Presents other Lovers gave,
 I brought to furnish, or adorn our Cave;
 With softest, parti-colour'd Skins I made,
 Perfum'd with sweetest Flowers, a fragrant Bed;
 Had you a Wish, that ever I deny'd,
 Or was not with a willing Care supply'd?

O what Returns for such a Waste of Love! —
 But still wou'd I intreat, and not reprove,
 Yet let me mind you of what once you said,
 While Oaths confirm'd the Promises you made.

“ My *Tarico*, my Love, my Life, you cry'd,
 “ My dear Preserver, and my Choice's Pride!
 “ Thou kindest, softest Cure of all my Woe,
 “ How shall I pay the Gratitude I owe?
 “ Thou Power that mad'st me, hear me while I swear
 “ Eternal Truth, eternal Love to her!
 “ If thou vouchsaf'st me to behold once more
 “ My dear, my long-lost Friends, and native Shore,
 “ If ever I forget her tender Care,
 “ Do thou regardless hear my dying Pray'r,
 “ Drive me in Bitterness of Want to rove,
 “ And shut me ever from the Realms above!

Is he a God, whose Curses you implor'd,
 And shall his Hand not grasp th'avenging Sword?
 Ne're can you hope in sweet Content to live,
 Or know that Comfort, you refus'd to give.

Among the Vices Men abhor the most,
 Ingratitude is sure of all accurst;
 Can the just Gods with Pleasure look upon,
 Or love the Temper so unlike their own?
 Kind Offices a kind Requital claim,
 He pays but half, who but returns the same;

He

He who gives first, a generous Kindness shows,
 The other, only pays a Debt he owes.
 But you, relentless to my Cries and Pray'rs,
 Smile at my Wrongs, and mock my falling Tears.
 Not one Return of all the mighty Debt,
 But cruel Rage, and persecuting Hate;
 This, this is all your Nature can bestow,
 And thus you *pay the Gratitude you owe.*

Time and my Griefs this Body shall decay,
 This moving Frame shall be but lifeless Clay;
 Then peaceful in the silent Grave I'll rest,
 Still this warm Blood, and calm this glowing Breast;
 But the Rememb'rance of my Wrongs shall live,
 Your Treachery whole Ages shall survive,
 People, unborn, shall my sad Tale relate,
 And curse your Cruelty, and weep my Fate.

And if in distant Years, some hapless Maid
 Shall be by faithless, barbarous Man betray'd,
 Condemn'd in sharpest Misery to rove,
 Unblest with Hope, still curs'd with fatal Love;
 One to whom Life, and Liberty he owes,
 From whose fond Kindness every Blessing flows,
 Then shall the just Comparison be made,
 So trusted *Tarico*, and was betray'd.

Think on that Morn, when on the Beach I stood,
 And saw the Bark at Anchor in the Flood;

Strait

Strait to ~~my~~ ^{your} Cave with eager Haste I ran,
 " Behold my Dear, a Vessel on the Main!
 " Away my Love, nor longer let us live
 " Unknown to Peace Security can give!
 No more you needed. Pleasure in your Eyes
 Flash'd like a shooting Blaze in Evening Skies;
 Your eager Arms around my Neck you flung,
 And on my Lips in silent Transport hung;
 The mighty Joy, too great to be exprest,
 Glow'd on your Cheeks, and struggled in your Breast.
 " Adieu, you cry'd, ye friendly Shades adieu,"
 (As in Embraces to the Shore we flew)
 " And thou, my Cave! thou ever kind Retreat,
 " Scene of our Pleasures, and my Safety's Seat,
 " Farewel! Ye cruel Savages adieu!
 " Adieu to all, my *Tarico*, but you!
 " Thou, my Preserver, sha't be ever near,
 " Reign in my Soul, and every Blessing share!
 But why do I pursue th' ungrateful Tale?
 Why urge a Cause, that never will prevail?
 Why tell, when nearer to the Ship we drew,
 The waving Colours you beheld, and knew?
 " See, see my Love, what Heav'n relenting sends!
 " Behold my Friends, my Countrymen and Friends!
 Then loud you cry'd, and wav'd your Hands in Air,
 And strait we saw the hast'ning Boat appear;

D

With

With lusty Strokes we cut the yielding Tide,
And joyful climb'd the lofty Vessel's Side.

If from a Life of long-continu'd Fear,
From threaten'ing Cruelty, and anxious Care,
From Death, the greatest of all Ills we dread,
To be in one propitious Moment freed,
Be Happiness that can Addition know,
Your Friend's Embraces made it so to you.

And now the Ship unfurls her crackling Sails,
Whose bending Bosoms catch the rising Gales,
Like distant Clouds appears the less'ning Shore,
'Till the faint Prospect can be view'd no more.

" Adieu my Country, and my Friends adieu!

" A lasting Farewel here I take of you!

Thus while I cry'd, as conscious of my Fate,

Unusual Sadness on my Spirits sat,

My Blood ran cold, my Bosom heav'd with Sighs,

And gushing Sorrow trickled from my Eyes.

But you with well-dissembled Fondness came,

(Dissembled 'twas, and yet you look'd the same)

" O whence, my Love, this Change, that mournful
You said, and mingled Kisses as you spoke: [Look?]

" What means my Life? O tell me why you sigh?

" Why steals the pearly Moisture from thy Eye?

" Tell me, and let me cure the Ills you feel,

" Or share the Anguish, that I cannot heal!

Pleas'd

Pleas'd, with your Words, suspecting no Deceit,
 Artless, I swallow'd the ensnaring Bait ;
 Honest my self, I thought the World so too,
 Nor fear'd Deceit, for no Deceit I knew;
 No more I wept, my Griefs were lull'd asleep,
 'Till 'twas decreed I must for ever weep.

Brisk blow the driving Winds, the fleeting Ship
 Cuts the thin Air, and skims along the Deep;
 When on the Deck a sudden Shout we heard;
Barbadoe's welcome Coast at last appear'd;
 The busy Sailors skip'd from Place to Place,
 And smiling Joy appear'd in every Face.
 But you sat silent, pensive and alone,
 And meditated Villany to come;
 Then was the Scheme of my Undoing laid,
 Then was the curs'd Determination made.

O say what mov'd you to the cruel Deed !
 Did it from Hate, or Thirst of Gain proceed ?
 Urge Nothing — For if Love's not in our Pow'r,
 Is there from Gratitude requir'd no more;
 That's the strong Tie, that shou'd for ever bind,
 The surest Charm to fix a generous Mind.

Ye Powers divine, who guide the World below,
 Relieve, or teach me how to bear my Woe !
 Give me, O give me Eloquence to move
 His Stubborn Heart, and bring it back to Love !

So shall my Life be spent in grateful Praise,
 And lasting Honours to your Names I'll raise.
 And now I stood upon the long'd-for Shore,
 And fondly hop'd my Hours of Sorrow o'er;
 You smil'd, and as you kindly prest my Hand,
 Welcome, you cry'd, my *Tarico*, to Land!
 Thou kindest, dearest, tenderest, loveliest Maid,
 Now shall my promis'd Gratitude be paid!
 — O how unmanly is the flattering Lie,
 That cheats, but to enhance our Misery!
 For that which aggravates our Sorrows most,
 Is to know Happiness, and know it lost.
 Such soothing Words conceal'd the vile Deceit,
 And lull'd me unsuspecting of my Fate.
 But now no longer need the Mask be on,
 The Means were over, for the End was won;
 No more th'endearing Look your Falshood wears,
 But all the Monster in full Light appears.
 Take her, you cry'd, my Right I here resign,
 Her Life and Labours are by Purchase thine!
 You ended, and the Wretch, to whom you spoke
 (Pride and ill-nature settled in his Look)
 Approach'd, and sternly seiz'd upon my Hand,
 And rudely hail'd me under his Command.

Such Cruelty, what *Savage* ever knew,
 Or, hearing, cou'd believe you meant it true?

Too

Too true I found it, when with barbarous Scoff,
 And Hate, unknown before, you thook me off;
 Plung'd me o'erwhelm'd in every human Ill,
 Not to be spoke — And which I only feel.

Can you forget, or did you ne'er regard
 The sad Distress, that in my Soul appear'd?
 How chill'd with Horror, I cou'd scarce survive,
 And mad, and blasted, stiffen'd yet alive?
 How grov'ling at your Feet, in wild Dispair
 I beat my bleeding Breast, and tore my Hair?

Then what did Rage, and Fear, and Love not say
 As Madness prompted, and my Pangs gave Way?

“ O save me, and this fatal Doom reverse,

“ Which once endur'd, there is no further Curse!

“ Or tell me why with Vengeance you pursue

“ Her, who was Life, and Happiness to you?

“ Relentless can you stand to all I say?

“ Unchang'd? unmov'd? — O give Compassion Way!

“ Or kindly with some well-dissembled Vow

“ Delude me still — it will be pious now.

“ But oh, I read my Anguish in your Look —

“ I can no longer — for my Heart is broke.

“ Yet let my heaving Breast, and streaming Eyes

“ Speak for me, what my faltering Tongue denies;

“ Recall the former Image to your View

“ Of her that loves — that was belov'd by you;

" That now o'erburden'd with a Mother's Cares,
 " The tender Pledge of our Endearments bears —
 " I feel the Infant struggling in my Womb,
 " As conscious of its Misery to come:
 " O spare the guiltless Babe — Let Nature move
 " Your Heart to Pity — tho' 'tis deaf to Love!

I cou'd no more — your cruel Looks congeal'd
 My flowing Blood, and every Vital chill'd;
 No more my Bosom heav'd, my dying Eyes
 Were clos'd, and Sense forsook me with my Cries.

O had it been for ever gone, indeed,
 From what a World of Woes had I been free'd!
 But Fate conspiring to protract my Grief,
 Unseal'd my Eyes, and gave me back to Life:
 I found me, when my Senses were restor'd,
 In the curst House of him I call my Lord.
 My bitter Wrongs, in vain did I deplore,
 For you, the Source of all I saw no more.

How should I ach in so severe Distress?
 Words cou'd not speak my Anguish, nor redress;
 But still to keep a glimm'ring Hope alive,
 (The last sad Comfort Wretches can receive)
 I told my fatal Story o'er with Pain,
 And su'd for Pity, but I su'd in vain:
 Condemn'd to feel unutterable Woes,
 And all the Wrongs that Slav'ry can impose.

Tho'

Tho' deaf to Justice, and Love's softer Claim,
 O yet redeem me, in Regard to Fame!
 For still the living Story of my Woe
 Shall follow, and exclaim where'er you go;
 Mankind will shun you, and the blasting Tongue
 Shall hoot the Monster, as you pass along:
 "Behold the Wretch, whose Breast to Nature steel'd,
 "For Kindness hated, for Compassion kill'd!

Then (as you taught me) if there is to come
 A Day of general, just and awful Doom,
 If fit Gradation be observ'd in Pains,
 O think, and tremble — what for you remains?
 O what indeed! — unless you now incline
 To shun the Anguish by relieving mine;
 So endless Torments shall you change for Peace,
 And Men, instead of cursing you, shall bless;
 The Gods in Mercy will the Deed regard,
 And pay you with a Penitent's Reward.

Or if the State, you brought me to believe
 Be but a Story, fabled to deceive,
 Yet sweet Contentment never hope to own,
 Or taste of soft Repose — tho' stretch'd on Down;
 In vain for Ease to Business you'll repair,
 My Wrongs shall find you, and revenge me there.

Forgive, thou still-lov'd Author of my Pain! —
 My Griefs are heavy, and I must complain.

O kill me, or some milder Ill provide;
'Ere Fate! quite levels, and the Seas divide. — O
The Thought distracts me, my strain'd Eyes are dim,
And Nature shivers at the dreadful Theme.
— A thousand Things my loaded Heart wou'd say,
But Oh! my trembling Heart will not obey;
Then let your Fancy Image my Distress,
And yet — Oh yet, while you have Power — redress!

Then (as you taught me) if there is to come
A Day of general, just and awful Doom,
If the Gradation be observ'd in Pains,
O think, and tremble — what for you remain?
O what indeed is — unless you now incline
To turn the Anguish by relieving mine;
So endless Torments shall you change for Peace,
And Men, instead of cursing you, shall bless;
The Gods in Mercy will the Deed regard,
And pay you with a Penitent's Reward.
Or if the Story of my Fate to believe
Be but a Story, — yet I hope to own
Yet sweet Contentment, — tho' I hope to own
Or taste of lost Repose — tho' stretch'd on Down;
In vain for Ease to Business you'll repair;
My Wrongs shall still be there, and revenge me there,
Forgive, thou still-lov'd Author of my Pain! —
My Grievs are heavy, and I must complain.